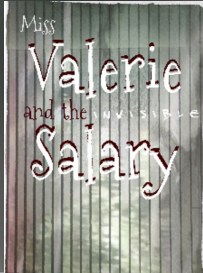




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Miss Valerie and the Invisible Salary



weird

mystery

👁 89 ✓ 2 ★ 5

Chapter 1 by Hannah Weinstein

A small lady of five feet and two inches stalks the streets. She does so routinely. The lady, having never been committed to a relationship, watches young men each day as they strut along the sidewalks, heading to their jobs. Maybe she wishes to find a suitable companion. Maybe she is lonely.

Valerie Fitzgerald is her name.

Miss Valerie hosts a number of oddities. Her bed-wrangled hairdo poofs out a foot in every direction. She paints her luscious lips a blinding red against her dark complexion, and she wears a necklace that holds a gigantic golden charm the shape of an arm.

When she goes about her daily watch, she sits daintily on a public bench. Her eyes fix on young men as they pass. What emotions show on her face when she sees them? What can be seen in her eyes?

Absolutely nothing.

Chapter 2 by saltmyapples



A tall, muscular postman can be seen in the reflection of Miss Valerie's gold-rimmed spectacles,

walking her way. Miss Valerie pushes the glasses up to the bridge of her nose, concealing a mischievous and seductive grin. The bench approximately eleven and three-eighths feet (Miss Valerie estimated) from the road. His legs are splayed across the bench, his thighs like two
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 Valerie gazed at the postman's sweat, following the droplet down from his short brown hair to

his temple, then around his cheek. Miss Valerie, water bottle in hand, slowly arose from her seat on the bench across the street, and walked slowly across the street to meet the exhausted deliverer of mail. Miss Valerie joined him on the bench, ignoring his missing nose and lack of teeth.

"Would you care for a sip of water, my dear?" crooned Miss Valerie softly.

"I would" said the postman evenly, taking three long swigs before placing the water bottle down on the ground in front of him.

Message received.

Miss Valerie pointed to a young man in a blue suit jacket and tie eating a gyro across the street. "There", crooned Miss Valerie. "That one".

The postman picked up a small package (big enough to hold a regular-sized microwave, but not big enough to hold a large microwave) and made his way towards the young businessman.

"Sign here, please". The postman held a clipboard in front of the man's filled cheeks. "Um, okay", said the businessman between large bites. He signed the clipboard and took the box, opening it with his sharpest tooth. The man looked inside, and slowly began crawling into the box. He said no words, nor did he show any emotion. He squeezed into the tiny box while the postman closed the lid. The tape went back on over the top, and the postman brought the man back over to Miss Valerie.

"Like I always say, Pat". Miss Valerie got up slowly and began walking away. "A man will do anything for a well-made piece of toast". Miss Valerie stuffed the water bottle into her purse, pushing past at least 50 small sticky notes, all with the same message:

"Get in the box for the best breakfast of your life".

Write a draft for chapter 3 of 8 (1 draft)

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